



When the injury to Greenhalgh's leg after the fall on the summit, which was caused by a wild boar, healed.

Living an adventure

Doctors said I'd never walk again – but that didn't mean I couldn't climb a mountain

I HADN'T realised just how high it was. The last trailpeak in the Dolomites was covered in thick mist, obscuring the landscape in front of me.

As we went ahead, I realised that what I had been told about the adventure package for the climb in July 2008 definitely found the right person.

I started my ascent in my wheelchair but soon realised it would be impossible to manoeuvre over the rocks and pathways which were slippery and waterlogged after the rain. I got out of my wheelchair and another man over the legs to prevent them getting soaked and dragged myself backwards.

It didn't realise my mind

wasn't as fit as I thought. I realised my hands were swollen and the skin on the back of my hands and neck cracked and itched.

At 3pm that day we decided not to push a wire and opened the night on the side of the mountain. I couldn't have been more grateful for the rain. My back was aching, making noise every day and feet and that my spirits were high. We ate from our backpacked meat packs and were eating by 5pm.

The next morning was glorious. The sun shone brightly and the mountain summit stood majestically before me. It didn't seem a climb. Only then for the first time did I comprehend what I was actually doing and why. I needed to prove myself to myself, not to anyone else.

We began packing up and

continued slowly up the rock-face. I pulled myself up with my legs and arms, wanting to take the summit. It took me about four hours to pull myself about 1.2m up the rock-face.

The closer I got the top the more determined I became. My fingertips felt like hot needles on the ground. I was up about 1.2m. I was in a position to see the peak for the first time.

I had time to reflect on just how lucky and fortunate I was. My physical strength had been put to the test but my strength did not lie in my arms. It lay in my mind and positive thought.

Looking down from the summit peak, you can see your breath, your training, (climb) for two days by dragging yourself and reaching the top.

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My story

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was confirmation that I must believe in myself. Looking into the distance I thought about the people I love and know and wanted you here to love them for who they are. Life is too precious, that is living yourself and creating the attitude within. But how did I get here?

All these years back 17 years to when I was 11 and in Standard 6 an athletic leap, I was excited - going on a leadership course at school was what I'd been hoping for, a chance to prove my leadership abilities.

Just after starting from the course came down with flu. The symptoms weren't unusual but I knew something was drastically wrong. I began feeling detached from my body, almost in another state of mind. I collapsed. I don't remember what happened but I could hear screams, blurred images and there were hands around me.

Two friends, Shaun (who later my own girlfriend) and Nigel Baxton, and my best mate made me go. Once the King had gone, my parents were advised to come too as I probably wasn't going to make it.

It was one coma for three months. My lungs collapsed and my heart stopped beating several times. The cause an unknown virus that had attacked my spinal cord. The doctors didn't have a clue where

it came from. When I came out of the coma they told me the left nerve walk again, it'd be slightly been damaged and I'd be using right leg. I couldn't move. I felt a tear roll down my face in a silent sob. I was so dead and my body was so weak. 10 lost 20 kg.

My parents took me home but I was in pain every minute of the day. The spasms in my spine were so intense they pulled my emaciated legs to my chest. My mother bathed me, fed me and took care of me. A physiotherapist just came to the house three times a week to help me regain movement in my arms. I gained strength and began to get to get, I was so someone which helped to gain weight.

Eventually my doctor suggested I have an operation to release the legs from my chest and I was admitted to Addington hospital to have my objectives and form things set.

12 hours in hospital for three months when I met Wendy, a nice nurse in my ward. She was like a breath of fresh air and her few long car feelings developed into something stronger. My right arm came back six months after coming out of the coma and my speech improved. The more I spoke, the better - I love to talk.

1800 weeks after we met Wendy and I moved into a flat. She gave me life and meaning, she inspired me all the time.

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"I felt a tear roll down my

face in a silent sob"



Go and see parents Brian and Julia, while he was in hospital.

My story



From top, wife, Sherry, and then I, my son, Ben.

(From page 158)

I was on for the systems and taught the women's classes monthly. The deepest meaning and meaning for me in my life, my first job was in a pediatric hematology/oncology.

Three months later we got married but we didn't know I would be able to have children. We sought medical help and had various tests done only to be told it was virtually impossible. But we pursued the medical options because among those months before the wedding words found out the way program.

Just describe the own relationship between you. I spent time in the right eye, I wasn't even diagnosed and I wasn't going to be done for the rest of my life. I had a future wife, a child on the way, a good job in the cancer environment with life.

Our son, Ben, was born in April 1995. I was so excited to be an "equal" as a husband to have and live has taught me many lessons.

Bring game to my new that began I recently entered a competition on Last Great Ride to find the person who had done the

most extreme thing. I mentioned my mountain climb – and I won.

The winner was the first to go the longest ride in Africa on a bicycle. The ride is called the Tour de France – it's 40,000 miles and at a 40-degree angle.

After being carried up the stairs to the Top of the World by my wife, Justin Barber, we took my legs together to present myself taking the life out the rest of me on the way down.

The mountain bike and other words I was told. An awesome experience.

It is to be lived in the matter your predicament or situation. As an inspirational speaker I share my life experiences with humor and a passion to be positive, raise the motivational speaking using a DVD containing footage of my climb on the Olympos. I like to share the message that everyone has mountains – it's how you decide to climb them that counts, and this can affect everyone.

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